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Although we claim to ourselves no credit for heroism, in the free disclosure of our views on this important subject, yet we do not much wonder that the timidity of the author on this point should lead him to regard it as an effort of chivalry to declare an opinion on this question in New York, where the denial of the doctrine of contagion would scarcely fail to subject him to illiberal sarcasm and personal abuse in the public papers of that city. But we cannot agree with him that the discussion of this question is a mere dispute about words. It is true that the word *contagion* has often been loosely and inaccurately used. Still, whatever meaning may be attached to the term, the question remains, whether the yellow fever is disseminated by some property which is generated by the disease itself, or arises in each individual case from some cause, independent of the previous existence of the disease. And this question is of immense practical importance. Every measure of protection against the ravages of this desolating epidemic is deeply affected by it; and the propriety of the measure is determined by the correctness of the answer to the question. It is not a question of words merely, whether we are still to rely upon quarantines, and lazarettos, and non-intercourse, as our safeguard, or to seek out and remove such local objects as contaminate the purity of the atmosphere. It is not a question of words only, whether we may safely receive into our families those who are fleeing from before the pestilence, or whether we shall shut our doors upon them, lest we should share their danger of becoming its victims.

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ART. X.—*Ueber die Epochen der bildenden Kunst unter den Griechen. Von Friederich Thiersch, Zweyte Abhandlung, die Epoche der Kunstentwicklung enthaltend. München 1819.*—*On the Epochs of the plastic Art among the Greeks, by Frederic Thiersch. The second essay containing the periods of the development of the art. A memoir read in a public meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, Oct. 12, 1819, on occasion of the birth day of his Majesty the King.* 4to. pp. 76.\*

\* We have taken the liberty in this article to use the expression 'the Art' in a sense which, though not common in English, is familiar on the continent, which will sufficiently define itself when it occurs, and which avoids an inconvenient periphrasis.

THERE is nothing perhaps, in which our country is so plainly deficient, as the means of pursuing the study of the subject, which is treated in this memoir; we might perhaps say, in general, as in the state of the fine arts. We have produced, it is true, some of the most celebrated modern painters, and have been able to retain some of them in their native land. To have given birth to West and Copley, and to possess Stuart and Allston, is certainly to have contributed our share and more than our share to the painting of the age. But this is not all, which we want, even for this one department of the arts. Public collections of the great masters and valuable cabinet pieces from their immortal pencils are unknown among us; and of course the acquisition of the liberal ideas awakened by their inspection and study, forms no part of a finished education in our country. It would be preposterous to charge that upon us as a wanton neglect, or a piece of voluntary vandalism, which is wholly unavoidable. It is well known that pictures of any considerable interest are not to be bought in Europe, except by mere chance, and at enormous prices: and though great estates are certainly acquired in our country, yet it must be remembered that they are charged with a burden, unknown in the feudal families of the old world, the custom of an equal distribution among a family of children. One picture of Raphael would exceed in price a son's patrimony or a daughter's portion, in the richest family of the United States. A hundred years ago, the little Corregio at Dresden, a picture not a foot square, was sold for 13,000 gold ducats, and when a certain powerful monarch told the Duke of Tuscany that he would give him 8000 crowns for the Madonna della Seggiola at Florence, the duke replied that for another such picture, he would give his majesty 80,000. The small picture of Acteon belonging to the late Mr. West and ascribed to Titian, but which we have high authority for doubting to be that master's, it is fresh in the knowledge of our readers, sold for about 8000 dollars; while Mr. West refused 50,000 for his own last picture but one. In this state of things, it is evident that the people of America must give up the homely practice of making more than one child comfortable in the world, or they must say with the mother of the Gracchi, 'these are my pictures;' and let the Titians and the Raphaels remain in Europe.

From another great source we are also cut off, from which the public collections and the galleries of the great have sometimes been replenished in Europe. Our armies have had no Ausonian, no Andalusian regions to sweep. From our contests with the Seminoles and Winnebagoes, we bring back nothing better than hard blows, and cessions of wild lands, and return from arduous campaigns without picture or statue. This certainly is not our fault, but the inherent vice of the warfare : and of those abroad who reproach us for not coming back from Tippecanoe or Pensacola, as richly laden with works of art as a French army from Italy, or an English general from Spain, we can only ask whether they think this is voluntary on our part, and say as Demosthenes did to the Athenians of Philip : ‘ Is there any one so foolish as to suppose that Philip really prefers the beans and vetches of the miserable villages of Thrace, to the Athenian mines and arsenals ? ’ This only we think we can answer for, that there is already taste enough in our country to prize such precious booty should any chance of war throw it in our power, though there would be respectable precedents for being insensible to their worth. Honest Mummus, who sacked Corinth, has perhaps been laughed at too much, for telling the soldiers, to whom he gave in charge the pictures of Parrhasius, that if they injured or lost them, they should restore others as good. At least there seems a milder species of barbarism in this, than prevailed in the army of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, that Lion of the North whom Major Dalgetty has so extensively introduced to our readers, whose refined Swedes cut the pictures of Corregio from their frames, to cover their baggage wagons withal ; which said pictures, that they might do every possible service, were afterwards nailed up, to keep the snow out of her majesty of Sweden’s stables. For all which proofs of interest in the arts, the honest Swedes have been remembered by the amateurs, in much the same affectionate way, that the rocket-maker at Alcalá, who wrought up the Greek manuscripts of the Complutensian polyglott, into cartridges for his fireworks, has been remembered by the biblical critics.

But though it must be confessed that we are deficient in the means of forming or diffusing a highly cultivated taste in painting in our country, something may yet be hoped, something may gradually be done, even in the ancient school ;

while the modern really bids fair to flourish among us. With regard to ancient pictures, a few occasionally find and will find their way to our shores : and we have observed with great pleasure, that the exhibitions at Philadelphia have sometimes been enriched by the loan of valuable specimens of the ancient masters from the gallery of the distinguished stranger, in that neighbourhood, who probably possesses more treasures of this description, than are to be found throughout the rest of the United States. Small pictures of interest of the Dutch school are not very rare among us, and whatever of this kind does reach our shores is happily likely to remain. At least, we hope, that the calculation, which not many years ago exported two reputed pictures of Salvator Rosa from America to London, will not be often repeated.

The modern school of painting, as we have said, bids fair to flourish among us, and that not merely from flattering pretty faces and appealing to personal vanity, but in the historic department of the art. We hope we do not go out of our way to pay a compliment to our fellow citizen, who has now founded upon a series of works, that have stood the test of English and of American criticism, the reputation of being the first historical painter living. We should be glad to have the work of Cammucini at Rome, or Girard at Paris, or David at Brussels indicated, that deserves to be preferred to Mr. Allston's *Uriel*, *Jacob's Vision*, or *Jeremiah*. In England, certainly he has left behind him no rival in this branch of his art.

In architecture and statuary, the two other great departments of the art, little has been done among us of an original character : more in architecture, as might have been expected, than in statuary, since we must have houses, churches, capitols, and theatres. But little as we have done upon the whole, we have perhaps even here done our share. Modern Europe has produced scarce a building, which is approved by nice judges. Each new architect seems inspired with a zeal to add one more to the list of buildings in false taste, which he with all the world condemns ; and when one has wandered through the streets of Rome, and gazed on the theatrical curves, and false fronts of Borromini, built up almost under the shadow of the Pantheon, it seems an undue severity to sneer at our transatlantic rudeness. St. Peter's itself is the glory and shame of the art. An edifice of ordinary dimen-

sions, a common parish church, which should retain in exact miniature the proportions and plan of St. Peter's, would have no claim to the praise of extraordinary beauty. It is the power of man, piling these wonderful masses in the air, suspending a cupola of a hundred and twenty feet diameter, and of sides twenty-two feet in thickness, at a distance of three or four hundred feet from the ground, and finding the means to resist this portentous gravitation ; it is this, and the brazen columns of the canopy, the ample walls incrustated with beautiful marbles, the vast extent of the edifice, whose side chapels accommodate a worshipping congregation ; the curious Mosaics with which it is lined ; the gorgeous monuments and mausoleums of popes, and princes, and fugitive sovereigns ; the reputed ashes of apostles and martyrs in the vaults ; the banks of the Tiber, on which it stands, and a portion of that enthusiasm, which clings to the name of Rome ; with the remembrance of the labours of centuries, and the treasures of kingdoms exhausted on the mighty pile ; it is all this, which contributes not a little to the admiration with which St. Peter's is viewed. But this belongs to the region of sentiment, or association, and not the arts. It is mechanics and not architecture, the powers of enginery, not the principles of taste which piled the dome of St. Peter's on pillars, each as large as a common house. This is not the architecture which we wish to have in our country. The Egyptians had more of it, when they rolled their colossal stones up the sides of the pyramids. The Druids on Salisbury plain had as much, when they piled up the enormous masses of Stone-henge, unless we believe Inigo Jones, who saith in his work on that paradoxical fragment of antiquity, that with good engines and by the grace of God, he could raise stones as great or greater. In fact, we think, that the remark of Visconti with regard to St. Peter's, diffident as we should feel in contradicting any serious opinion of that illustrious archaologist, has scarce any merit, but its smartness. It is well known that St. Peter's requires for its preservation considerable annual repairs. The foundation under the front, notwithstanding the efforts which have been made, at various times, to strengthen it, was from the first so imperfectly laid, that a large crack runs up and down one of the gigantic pilasters or rather pillars of the front. The cupola also has opened in several places. To prevent the increase of these defects, constant repairs are necessary. When

in the severe French times, it was represented to Visconti, who had the charge of the public buildings, that if St. Peter's were not repaired at considerable expense, it would fall, he coolly replied, that 'it would make a fine ruin.' As it stands, it is a venerable, an awful building. The heart bows down, before its majestic front, and feels as feeble as it ought in the temple of the Most High, as you wander along beneath the sublime arches of the interior, or turn a dizzy gaze upward to the dome. But 'a fine ruin' it would not make. Once fallen, let the earthquakes, which for two thousand years have left the Parthenon and the temple of Theseus, as they found them,—let them but shake out the key-stones of the dome or the nave of St. Peter's, and what have you but a chaos of uncouth and shapeless ruins, without one graceful column to rise above, and bear witness to what had been; without one beautiful marble capital, over which an enthusiast could meditate, nothing but a broken quarry of coarse calcareous rock? The ancient ruins *are* beautiful; the lapse of time, the convulsions of nature, the storms of war, the violence of the barbarians, have not impaired their beauty. The inmost stone of the darkest corner of the cell of the Parthenon presents a smooth polished surface of beautiful white marble. So long as one fluted fragment of a doric column remains on the spot where that temple stood, it will be as impossible to doubt the beauty of the exquisite structure to which it belonged, as the first morning that the scaffolds were thrown down, and the work of Phidias and Ictinus stood glittering and blazing in a Grecian sun. It was built nearly four hundred and fifty years before Christ, and much we doubt there were small appropriations to keep it in repair, after the Roman yoke of iron fell upon Athens, or in the night of the middle ages. In 1686, it went through the trifling ordeal of being bombarded with red hot shot by the Venetian cannon, and having a powder magazine within its walls blown up; and even after this, the columns which support the front are less shattered than the false pillars of the façade of St. Peter's, which are cracking from their own weight and the weakness of the foundation. If then the proudest edifices of modern art can scarce bear a comparison with the Grecian ruins, what will the former appear, when time and violence have done their work upon them; when the marbles that incrust them are stripped off; when their ponderous arches are fallen; and in their inner structure, instead of polished blocks

of Pentelican marble, nothing will appear to testify to their former glory, but a base chaos of unseemly stones, filled up with bricks and pozzolana.

But we have been betrayed beyond our design. We meant to maintain here not the inferiority of modern masonry and workmanship, but of modern taste ; though we suppose it all hangs together, and has its origin in the same superficial theatrical character in the modern world, which has taken place of the ancient solidity. The example of Michael Angelo, in the wonder of St. Peter's, has proved a rock on which the taste of his successors has split, who have been far more anxious to imitate him than the chaster Palladio. Acting on a small sphere, where it was impossible to give their works that in which the power and glory of his reside, their portentous magnitude and grandeur, they have copied the inherent faults of his style ; supported their little roofs with ungraceful arcades : and led away by an impatient desire, still farther to innovate and be original, they have fallen by degrees into the fantastic vagaries of the school of Borromini, and fitted up the front of a church like Fatima's arbor, in the farce, or the entrance to a tea garden. Each new school, and new generation has shown itself equally fruitful in reproaches of its predecessors and new errors of its own ; and even Milizia, whose theory is so severe and classical, when employed himself to direct the repairs of a Roman church, is said to have done nothing, which was not in contradiction to his own rules. There are perhaps therefore in our country as many buildings in a good taste as could proportionally be demanded of us. There are not many palaces in Europe, with which the President's house at Washington might not well bear a comparison, for its design ; though we have to regret that we are unable to extend this commendation to the magnificent pile, which is erecting on the hill, about a mile from it. The interior indeed of the national capitol, the senate and representatives' chamber are quite the finest public halls we have ever had an opportunity of seeing ; and whatever may be said of the proportions of the columns in the latter, or the adaptation of the apartment to the purposes of a deliberative assembly, it is, we doubt not, the most splendid public hall in the world ; and it is much to be regretted that motives of convenience make it necessary to mar its grandeur, by so unseemly an appendage as the canopy to the speaker's chair. The senate



chamber, though less imposing, is perhaps still more agreeable to the eye ; nor is St. Stephen's or the chamber of the deputies at Paris to be compared a moment with either of them. The hall of the assembly at Cassel, fitted up in the Westphalian reign, is one of the finest legislative chambers in Europe, though likely, we fear, to be of little practical use to the loving subjects of his present royal highness, the elector. The new church in Baltimore, the Pennsylvania bank in Philadelphia, with the United States bank, if finished according to its plan, with the front of St. Paul's in Boston, are all quite equal to, and some of them beyond the best specimens of modern European architecture, and worthy to be compared with the church of St. Genevieve at Paris, which without being ignorant of the objections made to it, we are free to confess more agreeable to our eyes than any modern building, which now occurs to us.

In the modern Gothic we are poor in America, if any thing could deserve the name of rich, in this application. For though it is impossible not to be delighted with such an edifice as Eaton hall. near Chester, yet, after all, the modern Gothic is a sort of theatrical taste, which we are unable wholly to approve ; so much at variance does it seem with the spirit of the age. For the genuine Gothic we have an unmingled veneration ; the Gothic of York minster, of the chapel of King's College Cambridge, of the cathedrals at Cologne and Amiens, and the exterior of the cathedral at Milan. It is impossible not to be filled with reverence at the sight of any of these. Next to the Grecian, we hold the old Gothic to be far the most pure and noble of all the styles of architecture ; and it is a singular mark of liberality and good judgment in Milizia, when one considers the extreme dislike of the Italians to this style, that he unequivocally gives it the preference to any of the ancient or modern Roman innovations on the Greek purity. It is not to be placed on a level with the Greek, because the Greek excels it in the merits which are common to both, and which make the beauty of both, in its plain surfaces and majestic colonnades ; and because the finical ornament, into which the Gothic runs, is wholly at variance with the simplicity, which is, after all, its characteristic principle. There are, moreover, some blemishes in the Gothic, which arise from association. A buttress, however the eye by habit may grow fond of it in antiquated buildings, when considered as an

unwieldy substitute for skilful masonry, and as a contrivance to keep the walls from falling apart, is no pleasant object for the eye.

In statuary, we fear our account stands less fairly than in either of the other arts ; nor do we yet seem to have caught the spirit so extensively prevailing in Europe for this admirable art. Fifty years ago, and so low had the art sunk in Europe, with perhaps the single exception of Roubiliac in England, that it would have been not a shame but a glory to have borne no part in the prevailing taste. But in nothing has the present generation so closely imitated the Greeks, and in nothing has it come so near rivalling them. The masters have at length, as it should seem, discovered, that to equal the ancients, it is requisite, not to hit upon some new form which may lay claim to the worthless boast of fantastic originality, but to go beyond them, in that direction, which so long and bright an experience had proved to be the true one. The good modern statuary is indeed wholly in Grecian taste ; that of Canova less so than that of his rival Thorwaldsen, whose taste however is not so delicate as it is severe, and who fatigues you with a certain northern heaviness in his forms. Chantry's style is purely Greek, that is, purely natural, as nature was observed in a lovely climate, in a free country, among an athletic, cheerful race of men, trained to healthy gymnastic exercises, and among whom the arts were crowned with the most princely rewards. It is not an admirable style because it is Grecian, but because it is natural ; natural, not according to the vulgar nature of the wretch who is hired as a subject for the drawing room of the artist, but according to the nature of the most refined and polished community that ever existed. It detracts nothing from the justice of our remark of Mr. Chantry's style, that he happens unluckily to be led away by a sound ; and thinks it necessary to clothe the works of his classical chisel in the motley fashions of the day. His taste and skill are equal to the triumph over the obstacles which his theory of costume imposes, and he knows how to make his modern English coats and small clothes cling to the form and reveal its proportions, almost as fully as they would have been disclosed by the ancients. It is amusing enough, to be sure, to hear *such* modern costume as this, *such ideal tailoring*, recommended upon the score of its being true to life ; when, if Mr. Horner had come into parliament with such a suit of clothes and such a gown, as Mr. Chan-

try has put upon him, he would have excited nearly as much surprise, as if a Roman or Grecian had risen up before them in his robes.

It is sincerely to be regretted that we have not more means among us for forming a taste for the antique, and for the study of the beautiful remains of Grecian art. It may certainly be maintained, without exaggeration, that these beautiful remains are the most authentic legacy, which we have received from the glorious world that went before us. The admirable writings, which have descended to us from them, are indeed invaluable. It elevates the spirit to think that you are perusing the works of the great masters of wisdom, and poetry, and learning, from ages so long elapsed. But it is impossible to know perfectly more than one tongue, and the mind struggles too often in vain against the obstacles of a difficult language. The imagination too faints under the mass of illustrative learning, which is necessary for the perfect comprehension of their works, and we are mortified at being obliged to turn from pages, which we know once enchanted the attention of the politest and most accomplished heares, with a sort of misty veil before our minds, which we cannot draw away, and which gives a vagueness to all that is seen through it. But a beautiful temple, or column of a temple, or ancient statue, or relievo, is an object on which we can gaze with all the freshness both of sense and emotion, that belonged to the age of its production. There is no medium of another language through which we must penetrate ; and with the exception of a few points, in regard to which the modern taste has essentially departed from the ancient, we are prepared to see such a work, as it was seen by the ancient's themselves. Hence the well founded enthusiasm which grows out of the study of these remains of antiquity.

It need not be said that the insensibility to this species of beauty and the want of that deeper and finer insight into the whole ancient character, which results from this insensibility, are great defects in our education in this country ; defects that call aloud for remedy. There are now preserved in the world some scores of most beautiful ancient works. Though of single and separate statues, scarce any thing has escaped the ravages of time, which bears authentically the most illustrious names of antiquity, yet something there is even of this highest order, and a large succession of other works of admi-

nable beauty. These, in their originals, we cannot of course have. All the resources of Europe, wielded by the mighty arm of Napoleon, were able to win from their Italian abodes, but for a short season, the choice works of the ancient chisel. After a short sojourn at Paris, the Apollo, and the Venus, and the Laocoon have gone back to Florence and Rome. But of all the works of ancient art fine casts in plaster exist, in no degree inferior to the originals, for the common purposes of taste, and quite as valuable as instruments of acquiring a familiarity with the style and principles of ancient art. That no collection of these should have been formed in our northern metropolis is a matter of just reproach to Boston; and one which we hope will not long be suffered to exist. We trust moreover, that the statue of Washington to be executed for us by Chantry will be but the first step toward the cultivation of these beautiful arts, in our neighbourhood; and though we cannot but repeat an opinion formerly expressed, that we should have been better pleased with a production of Canova's, yet as there is to be a statue of our hero from his chisel in one of our sister states, the country at large will be no loser, by our wanting it here.

But we have not forgotten that the title of the work, at the head of our article, promised something on the history of the ancient art. This is a branch of polite literature, which from the middle of the last century downward, has been cultivated with great success, particularly by the Germans. The first, who reduced the history of the Grecian art to a scientific form, was Winckelman; and notwithstanding some errors, to which the first work in any department is exposed, *his* remains to the present day the best single one for this study. Many of his countrymen have pursued the same charming study, with equal success. The *Propylæa* of Göthe is a series of essays partly on topics of ancient art; and the Weimar edition of Winckelman, though it does not supersede the Italian translation and notes of Fea, is unquestionably the best of that invaluable work. Mr. Böttiger, the learned and amiable superintendant of the Cabinet of Antiques at Dresden, has also done much for the history of the ancient art. There are few spectacles, that illustrate more strikingly the progress of civilization in the world, than the rich cabinets at Dresden, the fine palaces and churches, in short the *tout ensemble* of this beautiful city abounding in all the refine-

ments of art, and crowning with its graceful towers the banks of that river, which bounded the uttermost northwest of the Roman empire, and separated the regions of barbarity from the regions of utter night. The learned and philosophical works of Mr. Böttiger are worthy of the opportunities he has enjoyed, as guardian of perhaps the finest transalpine collection of antiques. Mr. Thiersch, the author of the essay before us, in the enjoyment of similar opportunities at Munich, is doing himself like credit, by his diligence in their use. The crown prince of Bavaria has distinguished himself, by his zeal for the fine arts, and the liberality he has manifested in forming a collection of monuments of them. The very remarkable and precious statues, that were a few years since dug up, in the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius in the island of Ægina, were purchased by him at an expense of about 30,000 dollars. The British government, we have been told, was at the same time in treaty for their purchase, for a sum a little smaller. These statues are in a severe style, and are so characteristic in attitude, manner, and execution, as to have brought into much greater notice the passages of the ancients, in which a school of Æginian art is mentioned. Mr. Thiersch has the charge of the collection, in which these and the other ancient works of art at Munich are deposited; and the essay before us is one only of the proofs he has given of his qualifications for the important trust. He is moreover known to many of our readers as one of the most promising philologists in Germany, and as the author of a valuable Greek grammar. The first, who distinguished himself for his success in uniting the study of the works of ancient art with that of the literary remains of antiquity, was certainly Heyne, and the liberal spirit resulting from this union is one of the points, in which his style of criticism is most distinguished from the dry manner of the Porsonian and the Hemsterhusian schools.

But though the Germans have thus distinguished themselves in the history of the ancient art, the other nations of Europe have not been without their successful votaries of the same attractive study. Italy has ever been the home of antiquarian science, and without enumerating a series of names of subordinate respectability, that of Visconti, the immortal author of the *museo Pio-clementino* and of the *Iconographie*, is enough of itself to redeem to the great abode of the arts,

the credit of their most successful study. The last age, so fruitful in illustrious characters, has probably left the memory of not one, who united more signally the fruits of original genius and of unwearied study. In his closing days, when his body and mind were worn down by excruciating disease, all antiquity seemed still present and familiar to his boundless memory; and he quoted the classical authors to an extent and with a precision, that we have never seen equalled. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the life, in which all this learning was amassed was not passed 'in the soft retirements of academic ease,' but in the storm and whirlwind of revolutions. Under the French *regime*, he was consul of the new Roman republic; and so active was the part which he took in the anti-papal politics of the day, as to make it necessary for him to fix his residence in France, under the protection of the French emperor. It was not even his good fortune to be forgiven at his death. Nor can we say of him, as of the envied and persecuted of old,

Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.\*

Notwithstanding the Roman origin of Visconti, his long residence in France and his superintendence of the imperial cabinets, as well as the circumstance that his *Iconographie* and his contributions to the *Musée* are in the French language, entitle that country to a part of the credit of his reputation. But these are not all that this language has contributed to the study of the ancient art. The *Memoirs* of the Academy of Inscriptions contain abundant proof, that although Winckelman was the first to comprise the whole of this subject in a scientific form, yet that separate topics in it had been treated, with great success, at a still earlier period by the French savans. It is unnecessary to remind our readers of the near approaches made to the philosophical views of the new school, by Count Caylus, Barthelemi, and d'Hancarville.†

\* 'In the spring of 1818, the Eloge of Visconti was read by the chevalier de Rossi, in the Archaeological Society of Rome, in the presence of two cardinals and four foreign ministers. The next day, an account of this sitting was sent to the public paper, but the police forbade the publication, because Visconti had been chief of the Roman republic. About three weeks after, a notice was inserted in the *Diario*, briefly stating that on a particular day, this Eloge had been read.'—*Lyman's Political State of Italy*. p. 291.

† The very rare and valuable work of this author, entitled, *Recherches sur l'origine, l'esprit, et les progrès des Arts de la Grèce*, was published in London, 1735.

M. Millin, the late deceased conservator of the Cabinet of Medals, left scarcely a subject in this department untouched, and M. Quatremere de Quincy, in his splendid work on the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias, has crowned with well deserved fame a life devoted to these elegant pursuits.\*

Though England has presented the world with no single treatise, that can take the stand of a classical work in this department, yet the specimens of ancient art published by the Dilettanti Society, are unquestionably at once the most faithful and splendid representation of ancient remains. While the labours of Mr. Knight, connected with them and illustrative of them, entitle that veteran scholar to a place in the front line of classical antiquaries. The world is looking to England for something of first rate excellence, in this department. With the Elgin marbles in her possession, the only unquestioned works in statuary from the school of Phidias, which time has spared us,† she has a precious pledge to be redeemed to this study. Nor will the expectation be disappointed, if we may form our opinion from the beautiful beginning, which has been made, in the engraving of the works of art in the British Museum. In one department of this study, and that by no means the least curious, we mean that of the falsely called Etruscan vases, it is well known that the labours of Sir William Hamilton have justly placed his name at the head of all who have written on this subject.‡

The essay of Mr. Thiersch before us is the second on the history of the Grecian art, being a memoir read to the academy at Munich. In consideration that the intercourse between the banks of the Iser and the banks of the Charles is not over direct, we hope our readers will not ascribe it wholly to our negligence, that we have not had an opportunity of seeing the first of these memoirs. The recapitulation which Mr. Thiersch makes of its chief contents, by way of intro-

\* M. Quatremere wrote, at an earlier period, a work on the Art of the Egyptians; a subject which has been treated with such profound erudition by Zoega, a Dane resident at Rome, in his work *de Obeliscis*.

† We say *unquestioned*, as we have never been able to admit without scruple, that the colossal statues on the Quirinal at Rome are really from the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles, as the inscriptions (certainly ancient) on their bases set forth.

‡ See on this subject *Böttiger's Vasen Gemähde*, Dresden, 8vo, and *Lanzi de' Vasi antichi dipinti volgarmente chiamati Etruschi*. *Dissertazioni* tre. 8vo.

duction to the memoir before us, enables us nevertheless to present them with a connected sketch of his views.

Mr. Thiersch begins this recapitulation, by alluding to a remarkable chasm of some centuries, in the history of the Grecian art. This chasm, however, was not confined to the art alone, but may be observed to exist also in the political and literary history of the same wonderful people. Between the Trojan war and the age of Solon is a most remarkable interval of uncertainty, of confusion, and apparent retrogradation; for which no author, that we are acquainted with, has as yet found an adequate account. We are careful to say *apparent* retrogradation, for we are apt to think that causes were acting in secret, of which we indeed have lost the tradition and the account; but that the development of the political, intellectual, and literary character, which took place from the age of Solon, was in reality less sudden than it now seems. Mr. Thiersch thus expresses himself, on this subject.

‘ Attempts have long been made, in the history of the Grecian art, to fill up a chasm of nearly five hundred years, which exists between the age of epic poetry and that of the Ionian wars against the Lydian and Persian monarchs. For it is indubitable, from the accounts, introduced in part from the most ancient tradition into the Homeric poems, of statues of gods and men, extensive and richly wrought relievos, ingenious implements with forms of animals, tapestry with inwoven representations of battles and the chase, of the methods of working in brass, and of the composition and use of metal, that the Art in the remotest periods of Grecian antiquity, in the age of the traditions of the gods and heroes, had already advanced beyond the rudiments, had attained a good degree of facility in the manipulation, and been applied to the service of religion and the ornament of life. Notwithstanding this, through the succession of ages down to the sixth century before Christ, however enriched in its materials and enlarged in the circle of its representations, the Art remains stationary in point of style and character, and the works of the latter portion of this long period are placed on the same footing with the most ancient.’

We do not think such of our readers as are familiar with Homer will accuse Mr. Thiersch of having given an exaggerated idea of the ante-homeric art, as indicated in his poems. Nor will they do him the injustice of supposing, that he suffers himself to be so led away by his enthusiasm, as to join



with le Chevalier in ascribing the comparatively modern works discovered by the latter, the tumulus of Achilles on the plain of Troy, to the age of that hero. Nor can we forbear the opportunity, which this train of remark affords us, of bearing indignant testimony against the conduct of some of the travellers and residents in respect to this and other *tumuli*. The mound on the plain of Marathon was unquestionably erected over those, who fell under Miltiades. It has been half dug down, its top shovelled off, and its sides undermined, under the auspices of M. Fauvel. The mound on the Sigeæan promontory is unquestionably as old as the poems of Homer. We have historical accounts of it to the age of Alexander; and it is impossible not to see it in these beautiful lines.

Ἄμω' αὐτοῖσι δ' ἔπειτα μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα τύμβον  
 Χεύαμεν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς στρατὸς αἰχμητῶων,  
 Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ προύχουσῃ, ἐπὶ πλατεῖ Ἑλλησπόντῳ,  
 Ὡς κεν τηλεφανὴς ἐκ ποντοφιν ἀνδράσιν εἴη,  
 Τὸς οἱ νῦν γεγάασι, καὶ οἱ μετὰπισθεν ἔσονται.

*Od.* xxiv. 80.

M. le Chevalier quotes these lines and approaches and views this almost sacred monument, with becoming veneration.

‘There is something solemn and affecting,’ says the worthy man ‘in this appearance of the graves of the great.’ In consideration of which premises, and of a preposterous Greek etymology, which he lends to the Turkish name of the *tumulus*, M. le Chevalier thought it advisable to ‘open’ this monument. ‘Open’ is a very small and gentle word, and applied to gates and doors, it means a very gentle process. But in the case of mounds of stone and earth it is less compendious, and this opening of the ‘solemn and affecting monument’ turns out to have been the digging of it about half down.

‘About in the middle of the monument, I found,’ says M. le Chevalier,\* ‘two broad stones laid in an angle against each other, and forming a sort of roof, under which I discovered [the reader will mark the words] a small statue of Minerva, upon a car of four horses; and near the same, a metallic urn, filled with ashes, coals, and human bones. This urn now in possession of the

\* Not having the original at hand, we quote from the German translation of M. le Chevalier’s work, published under the direction and with the notes of Heyne. The original, we believe, was read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and afterwards edited by professor Dalzel.

Count Choiseul, is surrounded with a vine in relievo, from which hang grapes of a very fine style of execution.

‘I venture not to assert that these are the ashes of Achilles but the remains of some one particularly devoted to Minerva they certainly are, inasmuch as the statue of the goddess is deposited in his grave. The person, moreover, must have died in an age when it was still the practice to burn the dead, for ashes, coals, and bones were distinctly visible in the urn. When I accordingly look on this urn, surrounded with the vine, I confess I find it difficult to refrain from thinking of that famous urn, the work of Vulcan, the gift of Bacchus, the present of Thetis to her son—the urn, in short, in which the Greeks deposited the ashes of their hero.’

M. le Chevalier finds no difficulty in the circumstance that his urn is bronze, and that of Vulcan was gold ; and none in the objection of Barthelemi, that the relievo was in a style of art, too modern for the age of Homer. Neither does Heyne, who, in his note says, ‘that M. le Chevalier *himself* did not see the little statue of Minerva,’ inform us how this is to be reconciled with that traveller’s remark, in the extract just given, that he discovered said statue under the stones, which rested on each other.’ The urn and statue were deposited in Count Choiseul’s collections ; but we do not know what has since become of them.

With respect to the mound itself, notwithstanding the violence done it in this precious ‘opening,’ it is still the prominent object on the Sigæan point, and still fulfils the noble prophecy which we quoted above from the *Odyssey*. A Turkish governor is buried on the top, and the marble grave stones, with the gilded Arabic inscriptions, form a picturesque object on its summit ; at the same time that they suggest to the judicious observer a rational account of the discoveries made by M. le Chevalier, in the supposition that in some period of comparatively recent antiquity, this venerable mound was ‘opened’ by some wealthy Greek, who was anxious that his ashes should rest in the reputed sepulchre of Achilles. As these grave-stones moreover are about twelve feet asunder, they will doubtless be appealed to a thousand years hence, by the pilgrims who shall wander from the newly discovered southern continent of seals to the plain of Troy, as a proof of the gigantic dimensions of the son of Thetis.

Of works of the most ancient period of art, what are called

the Cyclopiian walls of some of the ancient Grecian cities and citadels, particularly those of Tiryns, are among the most authentic specimens. No one certainly can regard these walls, without being struck with a marked difference of style in the massiness and irregular shape of the stones of which they are built, from that of any walls of which history gives us the date.\* But a still more curious work from this period is the famous gateway of the citadel of Mycenæ, representing two lions rampant on the sides of a short doric pillar, in a very rude style of sculpture. Mycenæ was destroyed as early as the year 466 before our Saviour, but this gateway, as well as the walls of the citadel, are still standing. The latter are Cyclopiian, though by no means of so marked a character as those of Tiryns in the neighbourhood. Pausanias found the lions on the gateway where they still stand. The most temperate and cautious writers seem willing to allow their extreme antiquity, but we confess that we were unable to suppress our scepticism, even under the action of the enthusiasm caught upon the spot. Much as we should delight to be able to believe that we had passed under a gateway through which Agamemnon had passed, we are constrained to think, from the appearance of the work, its inconsiderable mutilation and its uprightness in a situation not remarkably secure, that it is more probably a subsequent imitation of an ancient work, than a work itself of the extremest antiquity. We propose the scruple however with great diffidence, and had much rather have it confuted than confirmed.

The leading idea in Mr. Thiersch's theory of ancient Grecian art may be learned from the following extracts.

‘ Since the opinion was advanced by Winckelman and recommended by his authority, that the Art in Greece sprung spontaneously from the soil, independent of foreign influence, and from its first beginning moved forward in progressive development to its highest bloom, every attempt to explain the early pause in its progress, which we have described and the tardiness of its final improvement, every attempt to bring the mythological and historical

\* We regret that we have not been so fortunate as to procure a sight of an essay on the Cyclopiian walls of Italy, published by an accomplished countryman, Mr. Middleton of Charleston, resident at Naples: designed as the first of a series of views and descriptions, from the continuation of which he was deterred, we believe, by the rudeness of certain professional authors, who regard themselves as residuary legatees of all ancient works, and allow nobody to design or describe but themselves.

periods in the history of the art into connexion and harmony has been unsuccessful ; and we have been obliged to shut our ears on the loud testimony of the Homeric poems, and bring as low down as possible the origin of the art in Greece

On the other hand we attempted in the former essay to show, that the art in Greece was as ancient as the states of Greece themselves, and introduced with the foundation of the Grecian worship into the new states of Greece, from the foreign countries where it already existed, particularly from Egypt, by means of colonies and emigrations. Received into these new states, and united with whatever art had been already diffused in Greece by way of the islands from Phenicia, Asia minor and Europe, or with whatever had spontaneously formed itself among the aboriginal tribes of Greece, it succeeded in the hands of the first artists or the *Dædalians* in attaining a primitive fixed character. After this it was shown, that down to the 50th Olympiad, the Art retained this ancient form, without any visible change in the fundamental style, notwithstanding the enlargement of its resources, by means of the more extensive use of ivory and its connexion with finer woods and with gold in the statues, by means of the invention of bronze-casting and of the use of marble ; and had already produced works which, as original models in the sublime style, remained objects of notice even in the latter periods.

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‘ We come now to the age to which it was reserved to unfold the art from its ancient form into a regularly *progressing*\* type of pure beauty and sublimity ; and to convert into the truth and beauty of a natural style the forms which religious association had consecrated, the traditional stiffness of limbs and garments, and the stark uniformity of the countenance.

\* \* \*

‘ In the 50th Olympiad, at the period when the Grecian cities in Asia sunk beneath the kings of Lydia, and the Median princes still ruled in the interior, in the age in which Sappho and Alcæus flourished, and Solon gave laws in Athens, lived, according to Pliney, Dipœnus and Scyllis, who first acquired fame by works in marble, who adorned Sicyon, Argos, Corinth, Olympia, and Ambracia with their productions, and educated a considerable number of artists of repute. They are called disciples of Dædalus, or Dædalians, to show that they still wrought in the manner of the Dædalian school, and they are the last which bear this name. With these artists and with the pupils from their *ateliers*, begins a

\* We are constrained for want of a better, to use here this obsolete English word, for which we have no better authority than Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.

great motion toward improvement, which appears in all its activity about fifty years after, at the close of the tyranny of Polycrates in Samos, and with the establishment of that of the Pistratides in Athens. The development thus begun advances with constantly accelerated progress, through the reigns of Cyrus and Darius. It became complete in the period after Gelon had founded his government in Syracuse, and Hiero reigned there in peace; and Athens, released from domestic oppression, began to try the strength of her youthful freedom in contests with her neighbours, and by the attack on Asia, and the burning of Sardis, challenged the Persian power to the field. The first battle, that of Marathon, in the second year of the 72d Olympiad, the 490th before our era, which decided the ascendancy of Grecian bravery over the numerical power of Asia, and opened the epoch of Athenian glory, gave occasion to the art, by a work of its greatest master PHIDIAS, to show that its development was complete, and that it had attained to the free representation of ideal forms. Phidias made from the tenth of the Marathonian booty, which had been consecrated to Minerva, the colossal statue of the goddess in bronze. It stood upon the citadel of Athens, and its crest and lance were visible at a great distance, as you sailed from Sunium.\*

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‘All antiquity unites in attaching to the name of Phidias the perfection of the art, and there is no room to doubt that, in the works of his early years, his style and the flight of his genius had elevated themselves above the ancient form. According to this the development of the art falls within the 52d and the 70th Olympiad, completing its progress from the last of the Dædalian artists to the first colossal work of Phidias, in 108 years.’ p 20—22.

The remainder of Mr. Thiersch’s memoir is occupied in filling up this period with the names and works of the artists, of which accounts have come down to us; in a description of the materials, on which the art exercised itself as illustrating its historical progress; in a survey of the constantly expanding circle of the objects which it represented; and in a comparison of the spirit of improvement which was evincing itself at the same time in other departments. All these topics

\* Le Chevalier, in consequence of the common false translation of the passage of Pausanias, denies the possibility of this. Mr. Thiersch’s translation removes the difficulty. The same rendering is adopted by Nibby in his ‘Saggio di osservazioni critiche, geografiche, antiquarie sopra Pausania, Roma 1817.’ This essay is intended by Mr. Nibby as a specimen of a commentary on the whole work of Pausanias, of which author he has already presented the public a complete Italian translation.

are treated with learning and with ingenuity, but our limits do not allow us to follow the train of discourse. As little is it in our power, at present, to enter into the controversy which Mr. Thiersch's memoirs have excited, on that part of his theory in which he defends an original introduction of the Grecian art from Egypt and the East. In points of an antiquity so remote, as much commonly may be said on one side of the question as on the other, by men of learning and ingenuity; and not having before us the first memoir of Mr. Thiersch, we are the less prepared to enter into this discussion. Meantime we shall esteem ourselves most happy, should the remarks which we have now made have the effect of calling the attention of our readers more particularly, to the most beautiful branch of antiquarian study.

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ART. XI.—*The Political State of Italy.* By Theodore Lyman, jun. Boston, Wells & Lilly, 1820, 8vo, pp. 424.

IT was formerly thought, that a gentleman, by the simple process of leaving his own country and going into a foreign one, acquired the right of forcing on the public an account of his breakfasts and nights' lodgings, of the various vulgar people he fell in with in the diligence and the inn, with all the insipid gossip of ordinary life. The mere circumstance of travelling was thought to give an importance to these precious details; and we were expected to buy and read a journal of small quotidian experiences, on the score of their having passed abroad, of which, had they passed at home and a man had proposed to speak to the public, his friends would have put him upon hellebore. Not only is this remark applicable to many of the elder travellers, but it is a scandal not yet effaced from English literature, that the *Northern Summers* and *Strangers of Carr* were once popular reading. But the public taste is certainly becoming more correct on this point; and although no discerning student of foreign countries will refuse any fact or detail however insignificant, so it be but characteristic; yet it is generally allowed now to be of no sort of consequence to the public, whether the traveller took a bad franc from the postillion, between St. Denys and Paris, or got a headach from his first indulgence in the cheap wines